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ST MATTHEW
ST MARK
THE CHURCH'S
Consider the Lilies of the Field
FLORAL KALENDAR
ST LUKE
ST JOHN

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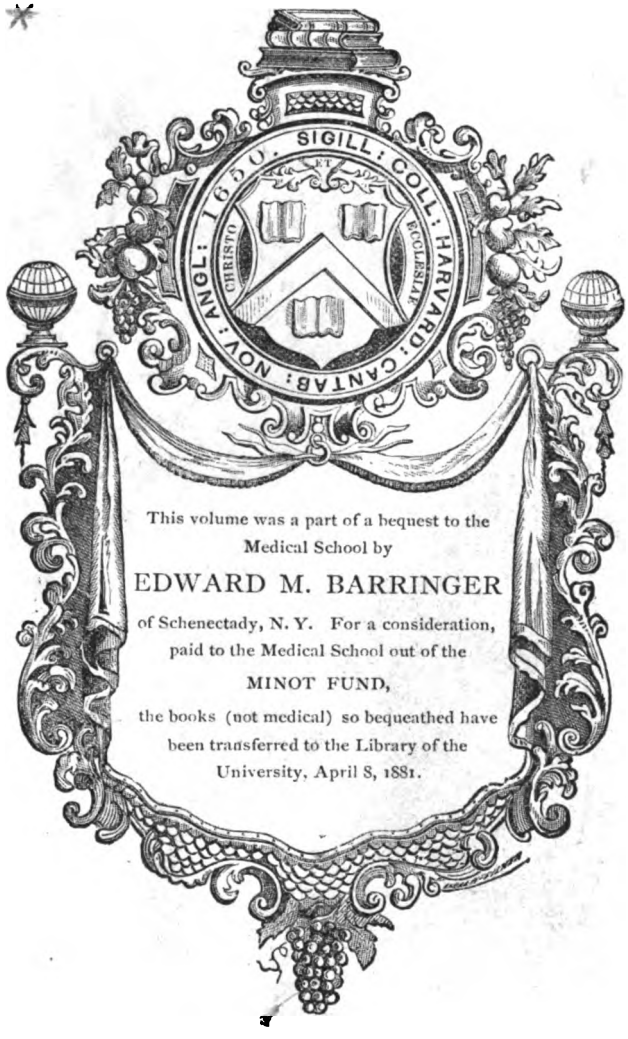

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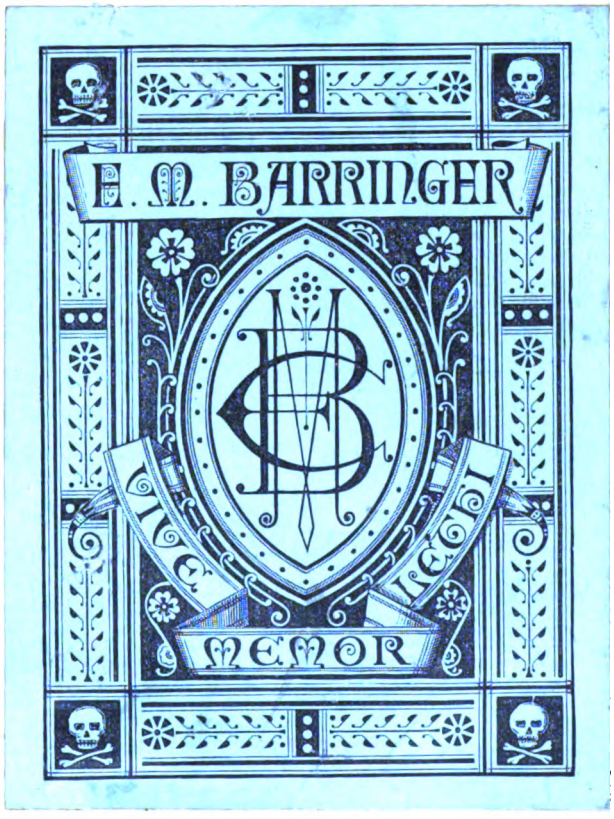

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THE CHURCH'S
FLORAL KALENDAR
"To tell of Him who liveth though He died.
Of flowers he ſpake, and for His ſake
Whoſe text was the Lilies' bloom,
We ſearch abroad for the flowers of GOD,
To give Him their ſweet perfume."
A. C. COXE.
THE GLORY OF LEBANON SHALL COME UNTO THEE, THE FIR-TREE, THE PINE-TREE, AND THE BOX-TREE TOGETHER, TO BEAUTIFY THE PLACE OF MY SANCTUARY. - ISAIAH lx. xiii.

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The Church's Floral Kalandar.

Compiled by Emily Cuyler. With a Preface by the Rev. F. Shelley Cuyler. The Illuminations Designed and Chromo-lithographed by W. R. Tymms.

London.
Day & Son, Lithographers to the Queen.
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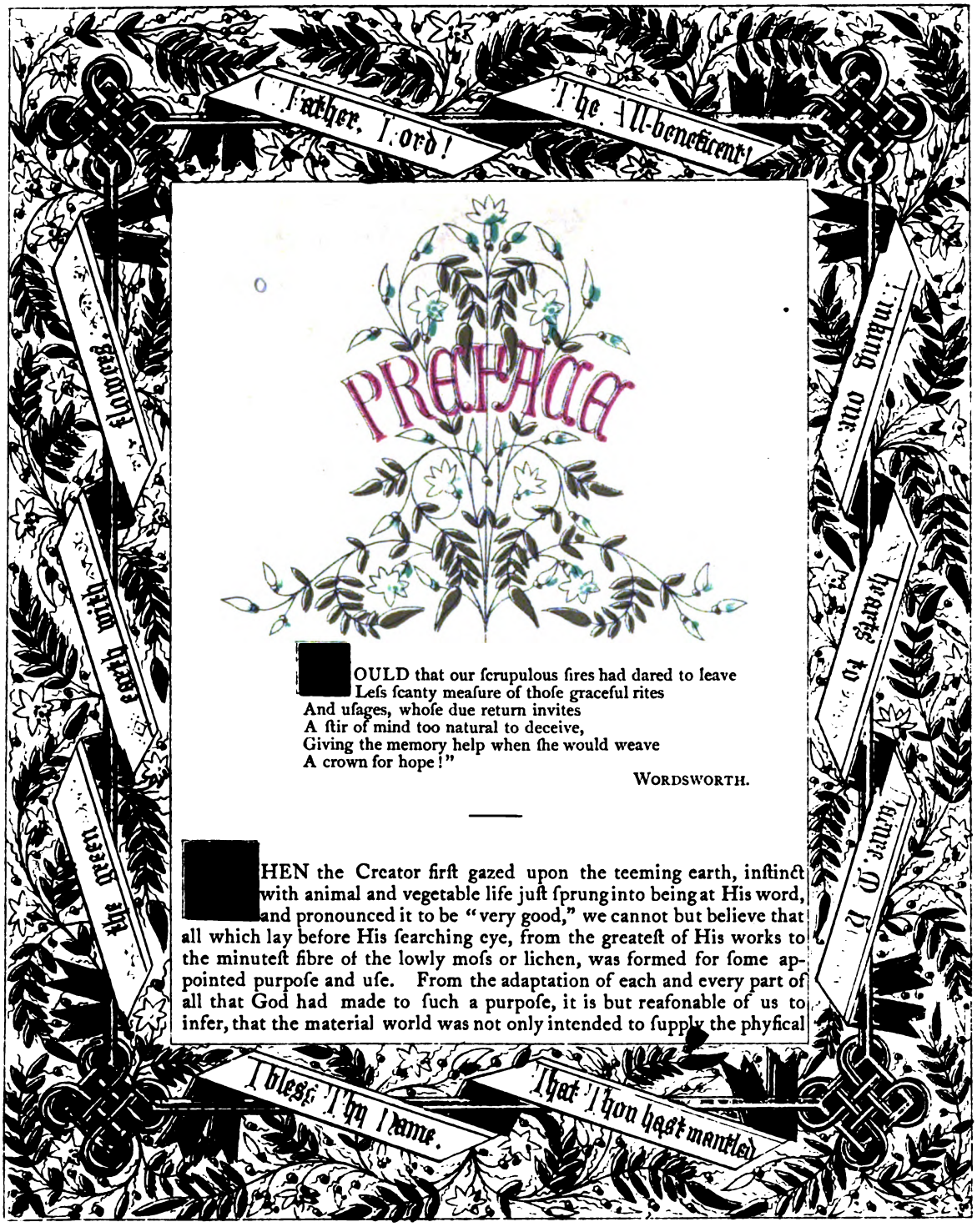

PREFACE

"WOULD that our ſcrupulous ſires had dared to leave
Leſs ſcanty meaſure of thoſe graceful rites
And uſages, whoſe due return invites
A ſtir of mind too natural to deceive,
Giving the memory help when ſhe would weave
A crown for hope!"

WORDSWORTH.

WHEN the Creator firſt gazed upon the teeming earth, inſtinct with animal and vegetable life juſt ſprung into being at His word, and pronounced it to be "very good," we cannot but believe that all which lay before His ſearching eye, from the greateſt of His works to the minuteſt fibre of the lowly moſs or lichen, was formed for ſome appointed purpoſe and uſe. From the adaptation of each and every part of all that God had made to ſuch a purpoſe, it is but reaſonable of us to infer, that the material world was not only intended to ſupply the phyſical

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wants of the nobleſt and alone rational of His creatures—Man, but alſo as a medium to convey to him inſtructive and ſpiritual leſſons. And when after the Fall the proceſs of vegetation continued, and the promiſe was given to Noah, that, "while the earth remained, ſeed-time and harveſt, cold and heat, ſummer and winter, day and night, ſhould not ceaſe," we may imagine that the ſame purpoſe which cauſed the Almighty to place His bow in the clouds for a ſign, incited alſo the gracious promiſe of recurring ſeaſons and vegetation, not merely for the uſe of man, as pleaſant to the eye and good for food, but alſo ſtrictly for the ſake of man for his inſtruction and education; as the thorns which the ground brought forth as the puniſhment of his ſin, and which his innocency needed not, were expreſſly declared to be for his ſake.

AGAIN, when the promiſed redemption drew nigh, and the Eternal Son became incarnate and took our nature upon Him, we frequently find Him drawing His leſſons from many a paſſage of buſy life, from many a fair ſcene of earth. Alike the lilies of the field, and what, perhaps, we might paſs by unnoticed—the graſs, "which to-day is and to-morrow will be caſt into the oven,"—the tares,—the reed ſhaken by the wind, afforded Him objects by which to lead men's hearts to deeper and holier realities.

AND after that His Church was founded and ſpread throughout the world, the ſame ſyſtem of teaching by means of outward ſymbols appears to have exiſted, and to have been held in high eſtimation by our unprejudiced forefathers. Everything that could carry back the mind to the great Sacrifice which Calvary witneſſed found a place in their ſacred fanes. The myſtic ſigns—the Croſs above the holy Altar—taught them, as they came to offer that commemorative ſacrifice of the one atonement for ſin once offered, to muſe on that time when Jeſus, Prieſt and Victim, hung upon the croſs. The trefoils and quatrefoils in their windows ſpoke to them of the Unity in Trinity: the lights brightly burning on the holy table, told them of the twin nature of Him who came to be the Light of the world. In their ſimple piety, each part and portion of the edifice ſymboliſed ſome holy leſſon, or was moulded to become an unobtruſive teacher of the grace of God. Nor was there wanting in thoſe faithful hearts the deſire to give back, as it were, to God

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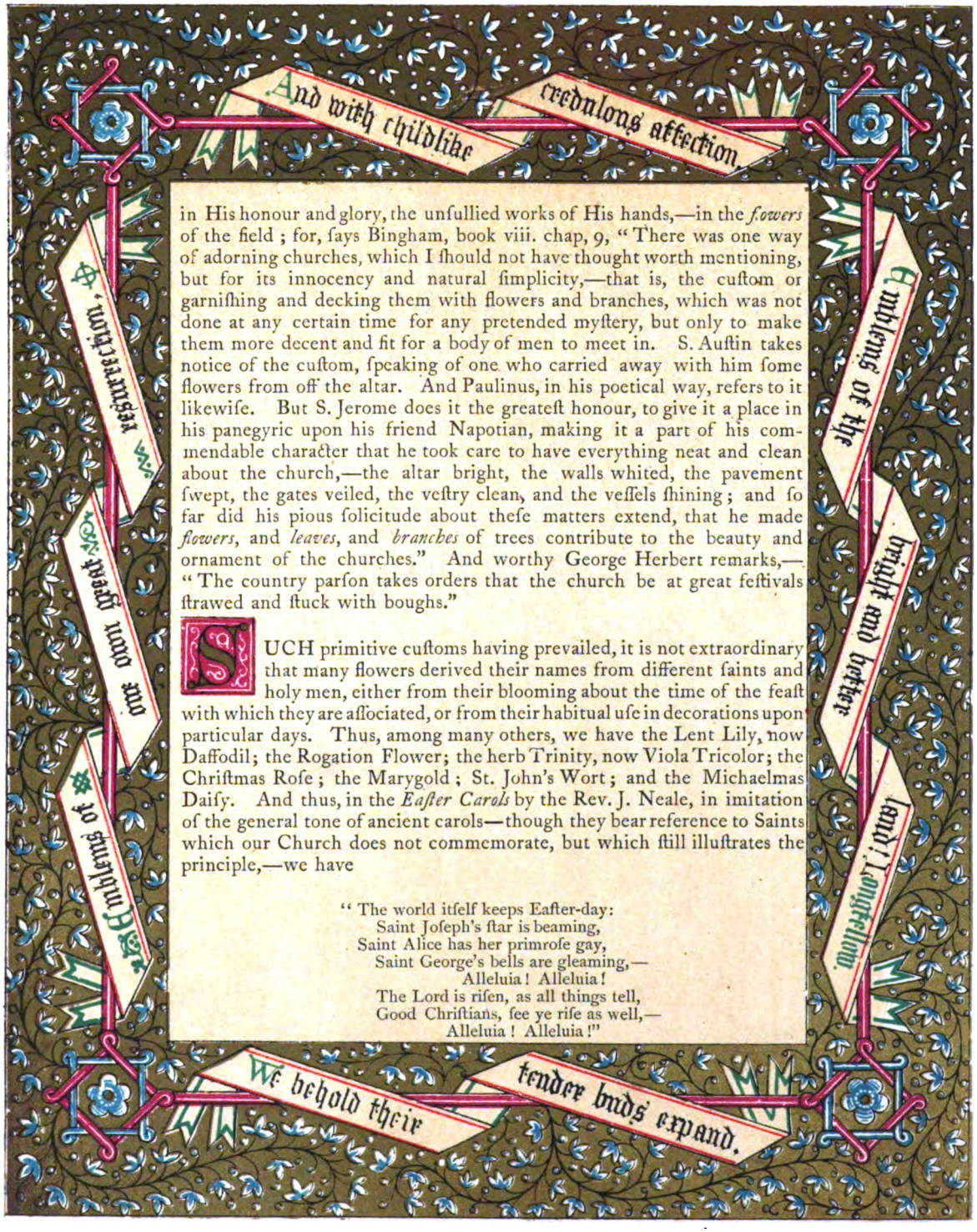
And with childlike credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand.
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of life and blissful glory.
Holy Lily white and rathe Primrose,
Forth they come at Easter hearkening
Unto Spring's soft bidding.

in His honour and glory, the unfullied works of His hands,—in the *flowers* of the field ; for, says Bingham, book viii. chap, 9, "There was one way of adorning churches, which I should not have thought worth mentioning, but for its innocency and natural simplicity,—that is, the custom or garnishing and decking them with flowers and branches, which was not done at any certain time for any pretended mystery, but only to make them more decent and fit for a body of men to meet in. S. Austin takes notice of the custom, speaking of one who carried away with him some flowers from off the altar. And Paulinus, in his poetical way, refers to it likewise. But S. Jerome does it the greatest honour, to give it a place in his panegyric upon his friend Napotian, making it a part of his commendable character that he took care to have everything neat and clean about the church,—the altar bright, the walls whited, the pavement swept, the gates veiled, the vestry clean, and the vessels shining; and so far did his pious solicitude about these matters extend, that he made *flowers*, and *leaves*, and *branches* of trees contribute to the beauty and ornament of the churches." And worthy George Herbert remarks,—. "The country parson takes orders that the church be at great festivals strawed and stuck with boughs."

SUCH primitive customs having prevailed, it is not extraordinary that many flowers derived their names from different saints and holy men, either from their blooming about the time of the feast with which they are associated, or from their habitual use in decorations upon particular days. Thus, among many others, we have the Lent Lily, now Daffodil; the Rogation Flower; the herb Trinity, now Viola Tricolor; the Christmas Rose ; the Marygold ; St. John's Wort ; and the Michaelmas Daisy. And thus, in the *Easter Carols* by the Rev. J. Neale, in imitation of the general tone of ancient carols—though they bear reference to Saints which our Church does not commemorate, but which still illustrates the principle,—we have

"The world itself keeps Easter-day:
Saint Joseph's star is beaming,
Saint Alice has her primrose gay,
Saint George's bells are gleaming,—
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The Lord is risen, as all things tell,
Good Christians, see ye rise as well,—
Alleluia ! Alleluia !"

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Flowers were left a proof of the loveliness
The mist in the Word to come.
Another unknown
first home:
Of Adam and Eve's
Thou art borne as the herbs of the earth which bloss
the which thou hath blessed

IT is, of course, impossible in the limits of a preface, to enter at any length into the history of the use and teaching of flowers; but scarcely, I think, from these beautiful works of God, any one but of a gainsaying and censorious mind could find reason of superstition, or confound the spiritual teaching which may be derived from them with any idolatrous abuse. And surely, if everything in creation be intended for our use and instruction,—if the Wise Man could paint the love of Christ for His Church in the symbol of flowers,—if alike the Psalmist, Prophets, Apostles—yea, even Jesus Himself, could from these gather lessons to teach mankind, it is possible for us too, using them rightly, whether for God's glory or for our own instruction, to associate them in our minds with the histories of those Apostles, Saints, and Martyrs, which Holy Church holds up for our example and rule of life. And in doing this, not merely in the decoration of our churches, but in the daily business of life, some thoughts—formed, perhaps, in better and holier moments—may be awakened, some inner feeling stirred; and the sight of a little flower, so wonderfully made and fashioned by an Almighty hand, recall to our erring hearts many an incident of the Saviour's life, and urge them on to follow the bright examples of those who through faith obtained the promises; and thus the power of association blended in our minds would make most scenes of life a constant sermon.

IT was some such thoughts as these which led my sister first to design, and afterwards to carry out, the little book she now offers to the public, fixing a flower upon the principles I have stated for each Saint's day and some Holydays, following it by a descriptive verse, a text associated with the service for the day, and a short poem inculcating an analogous duty, or bearing reference to the festival; in hopes that, by the power of memory or some association, the minds of those into whose hands this book may fall, may be led to cull the lessons, which the individual life of the pious archetype especially portrays.

IT must, however, be borne in mind, that with some holydays more than one flower is connected by tradition; as, for instance, in the case of the Annunciation, to which appertains the Flowering Almond, the White Lilly of the Annunciation, and the Cardamine flower. In such cases, the Complier has confined her choice to the one which seems best adapted to the festival, or the most sanctioned by use.

FREDERICK SHELLEY CUYLER.

Rod.—The Festival of the Resurrection.

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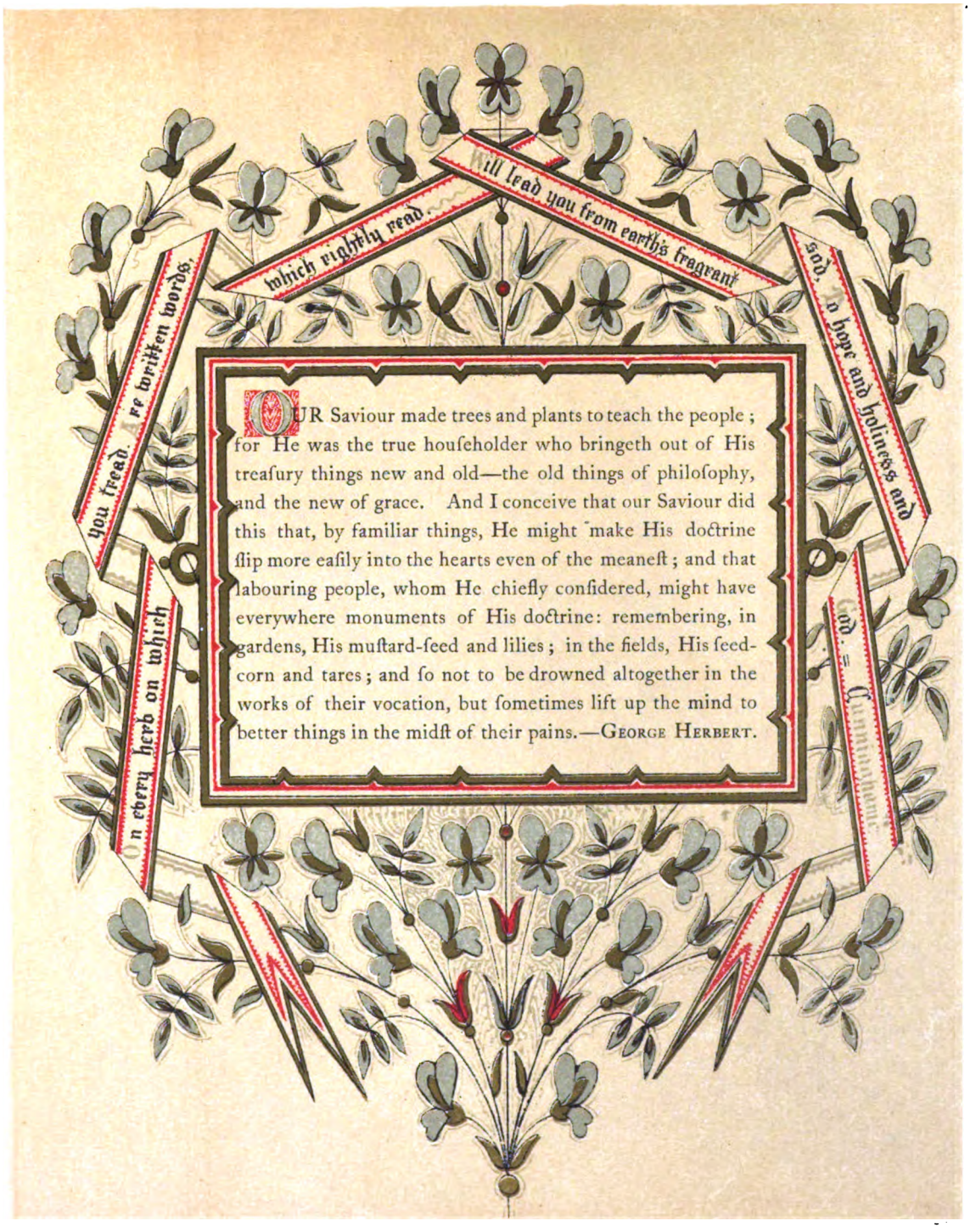

OUR Saviour made trees and plants to teach the people; for He was the true houſeholder who bringeth out of His treaſury things new and old—the old things of philoſophy, and the new of grace. And I conceive that our Saviour did this that, by familiar things, He might make His doctrine ſlip more eaſily into the hearts even of the meaneſt; and that labouring people, whom He chiefly conſidered, might have everywhere monuments of His doctrine: remembering, in gardens, His muſtard-ſeed and lilies; in the fields, His ſeed-corn and tares; and ſo not to be drowned altogether in the works of their vocation, but ſometimes lift up the mind to better things in the midſt of their pains.—GEORGE HERBERT.

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And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees and strawed them in the way, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David: blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Matt. xxi. viii.

O forth unto the mount, and fetch olive-branches, and pine-branches, and myrtle-branches, and palm-branches, and branches of thick-trees, as it is written. So the people went forth and brought them, and made themselves booths, every one upon the roof of his house, and in their courts, and in the courts of the house of GOD; and there was very great gladness.—*Neh.* viii. 15–17.

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How beautiful are the feet of those that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things. Rom. x. ix.

St. Andrew's Day.

Seaweed.

CALL us not weeds, we are flowers of the ſea ;
For lovely and bright and gay-tinted are we,
And quite independent of ſunſhine and ſhowers.
Call us not weeds, we are Ocean's gay flowers,
Not nurſed like the plants of a ſummer parterre,
Whoſe gales are but ſighs of an evening air ;
Our exquiſite, fragile, and delicate forms
Are the prey of the ocean when vexed by the ſtorms.

Anon.

JOHN ſtood, and two of his diſciples, and looking upon Jeſus as He walked, he ſaith, Behold the Lamb of God. And the two diſciples heard him ſpeak, and they followed Jeſus. One of the two which heard John ſpeak, and followed Him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. He firſt findeth his own brother Simon, and ſaith unto him, We have found the Meſſias, which is, being interpreted, the Chriſt. And he brought him to Jeſus.—*St. John*, i. 35–37, 40–42.

O BEAUTY of holineſs, of self-forgetfulneſs, of lowlineſs !
O power of meekneſs, whoſe very gentleneſs and weakneſs
Are like the irreſiſtible air !
The deed divine
Is written in characters of gold,
That never ſhall grow old,
But through all ages burn and ſhine,
With ſoft effulgence ! O God ! it is Thy indulgence
That fills the world with the bliſs of a good deed like this !

LONGFELLOW.

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These are written that ye might believe

and that believing ye might have life in

His Name. St. John. xx. xxxi.

St. Thomas's Day.

Winter Cherry - Physalis Alkekengi.

CROWETH the Winter Cherry upon the old broken wall,
But moist and shadowy places it loveth best of all;
Conserved in men's gardens it often may be found,
For the great and worthy virtues with which it doth abound.
About the borders of the fields, beneath a glowing sky,
The frail snow-white blossoms of this plant open in July;
Yet beautiful as shows the flowers in its summer's pure array,
We prize the Alkekengi most on the cheerless winter's day,
When midst bleak winds, in gloomy weather, gay and hardy may be seen,
Peeping through fibrous calyx, the berry's scarlet sheen.

GERARDE *versified.*

THE other disciples said unto Thomas, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe. And after eight days, again His disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you. Then saith He to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing. And Thomas answered and said unto Him, My Lord and my God. Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.—*St. John*, xx. 25–29.

WHEN they, on whom our souls should lean,
The wondrous joy declare,
How to God's altar they have been,
And found their Saviour there,—
Alas! too often wordly wise, we scorn what they reveal,
We will not see with others' eyes, ourselves would touch and feel;
Thus many a precious day, month, year, the blessing we delay,
It comes at last with saddened cheer, He justly dims His ray.

Lyra Innocentium.

that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of GOD.

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Behold I bring you good tidings, of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. St. Luke ii. x.

Christmas Day.

Holly.

THE Holly pointing to the moorland ſtorm
Its hardy, fearleſs leaf!—CARRINGTON.

AS when all the ſummer trees are ſeen
So bright and green,
The Holly Leaves a ſober hue diſplay,
Leſs bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we ſee,
What then ſo cheerful as the Holly Tree?
So ſerious would my youth appear among
The thoughtleſs throng;
So would I ſeem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be,
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.—SOUTHEY.

UNTO us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given: and the government ſhall be upon His ſhoulders: and His name ſhall be called Wonderful, Counſellor, The mighty God, The everlaſting Father, The Prince of Peace. Of the increaſe of His government and peace there ſhall be no end. The zeal of the Lord of Hoſts ſhall perform this.—*Iſa.* ix. 6, 7.

GLORY to God in the higheſt, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men!—*St. Luke*, ix. 14.

CHILD of the Virgin bleſt, ſon of the Holy One,
Lord of the hoſts on high, humble and lowly One,
Leaving Thy throne above, born in the world below,
Dwelling among us here, ſharing our toil and woe,
Stay with us ever!
As Thou didſt humble Thee, grant us humility;
As Thou doſt love us all, fill us with charity,—
Bind us together.—*Old Church Porch.*

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I say unto you, ye shall not

St. Stephen's Day.

Winter Furze-Ulex-nanus.

QUNTAIN bloſſoms, ſhining bloſſoms,
Ye do teach us to be glad,
When no ſummer can be had
Blooming in our inward boſoms.
Ye, whom God preſerveth ſtill,
Set as lights upon a hill,
Token to the wintry earth that beauty liveth ſtill.

Mrs. Barrett Browning.

THEY ſtoned Stephen, calling upon God, and ſaying, Lord Jeſus, receive my ſpirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this ſin to their charge. And when he had ſaid this, he fell aſleep.—*Acts*, vii. 59, 60.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain :
His blood-red banner ſtreams afar !
Who follows in His train ?
Who beſt can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His croſs below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr firſt whoſe eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who ſaw his Maſter in the ſky,
And call'd on Him to ſave ;
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midſt of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong,—
Who follows in His train ?—Bishop Heber.

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. I say unto you, ye shall

see me henceforth, till ye shall

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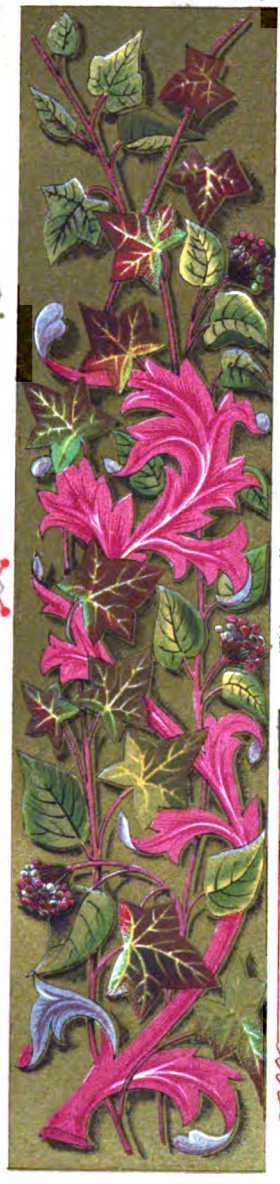
This then is the message which we have heard of him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin. St. John i. 5 & vii.

St. John the Evangelist's Day.



VERDANT while other leaves are whirling
On the autumn's blaſt,
Peeping forth ſtill green and glofſy,
Though the ſnow falls faſt.
Welcome then the ſturdy Ivy,
Defying winter's cold,
Like friendſhip, when misfortunes low'r,
Clinging true and bold.—*Anon.*

JESUS ſaid unto Peter, Follow me. Peter, turning about, ſeeth the diſciple whom Jeſus loved *following*. Peter ſeeing him ſaith to Jeſus, Lord, and what ſhall this man do Jeſus ſaith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou Me.—*St. John*, xvi. 19–22.

CHRIST to the young man ſaid: "Yet one thing more;
If thou wouldſt perfect be,
Sell all thou haſt and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me."
And evermore beſide him on the way,
The unſeen Chriſt ſhall move,
That he may lean upon His arm, and ſay,
"Doſt Thou, dear Lord, approve?"
O holy truſt! O endleſs ſenſe of reſt!
Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon his Saviour's breaſt,
And thus to journey on!—LONGFELLOW.

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Think of the Lord with a good heart, and in

found of them that tempt Him not, and sheweth Himself unto

such as do not distrust Him. Wisdom i.

simplicity of heart seek Him; for He will be

The Innocents Day.

Erica-cruenta. Bloody Heath.

THE Erica,
Sometimes with bells like amethysts, and then
Paler, and shaded like the maiden's cheek,
With gradual blushes—other while, as white
As rime that hangs upon the frozen spray.

Mrs. C. Smith.

THUS saith the Lord; A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not. Thus saith the Lord; Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears: for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord; and they shall come again from the land of the enemy. And there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord.—*Jer.* xxxi. 15–17.

NOW in thy youth, beseech of Him
Who giveth upbraiding not,
That His light in thy heart become not dim
Nor His love be unforgot,
And thy God in the darkest of days shall be,
Gladness and beauty and strength to thee.

Bernard Barton.

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And when eight days were accomplished

His name was called Jesus. St. Luke ii. xxi.

The Circumcision of Christ.

Lauristinus.

FAIR tree of winter, fresh and flowering,
When all around is dead and dry;
Whose ruby buds, though storms are lowering,
Spread their white blossoms to the sky;
Green are thy leaves, more purely green
Through every changing period seen;
And when the gaudy months are past,
Thy loveliest season is the last.
Through life's mutations may I be
A modest evergreen like thee.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WHAT doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to fear the Lord thy God, to walk in all His ways, and to love Him, and to serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, to keep the commandments of the Lord, and His statutes?—*Deut.* x. 12, 13.

BELOVED, "it is well;"
Though sorrow clouds our way,
'T will make the joy more clear
That ushers in the day.

Beloved, "it is well;"
The path that Jesus trod,
Though rough and dark it be,
Leads home to Heaven and God!

BISHOP DOANE.

He that is eight days old, shall be circumcised among you. Gen. xvii.

for the circumcising of the Child,

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Lo the star which they saw in the East, went

before them, till it came and stood over where the young Child was, when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. St. Matt. ii. ix.

The Epiphany.

Screw Moss; & Star of Bethlehem.

THEIR cups the mossy tribes unfold;
Fringed, and beneath a coping hid
Of filmy veil and convex lid;
On many a thread-like stalk; bespread
With yellow brown, or crimson red,
In contrast to the leaves of green:
A velvet carpet, where the queen
Of fairies might in triumph lie,
And view the elvish revelry.—Bishop Mant.

THUS saith the Lord, In an acceptable time have I heard thee, and in the day of salvation have I helped thee: and I will preserve thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people to establish the earth, to cease to inherit the desolate heritages; that thou mayest say to the prisoners, Go forth; to them that are in darkness, Show yourselves. Behold, these shall come from far: and, lo, these from the north and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim.—*Isa.* xlix. 8, 9, 12.

OER Bethlehem's vale the moon was bright,
And flowers and trees were bathed in light,
And clear the streamlet ran;
But brighter than that moonbeam's ray
Shone one bright star, as if the day
At midnight had begun.
A visitant to earth it came,
The birth of Jesus to proclaim.

And there beneath a humble roof,
Behold the Magi giving proof,
Low bending at His feet,
How earthly wisdom is but nought,
And gold is e'er with evil fraught,
Save as to Him 'tis g ven,
Who came far richer things to give,
E'en to bid sinful man to live,
The inheritor of heaven.—Rev. T. Salwey.

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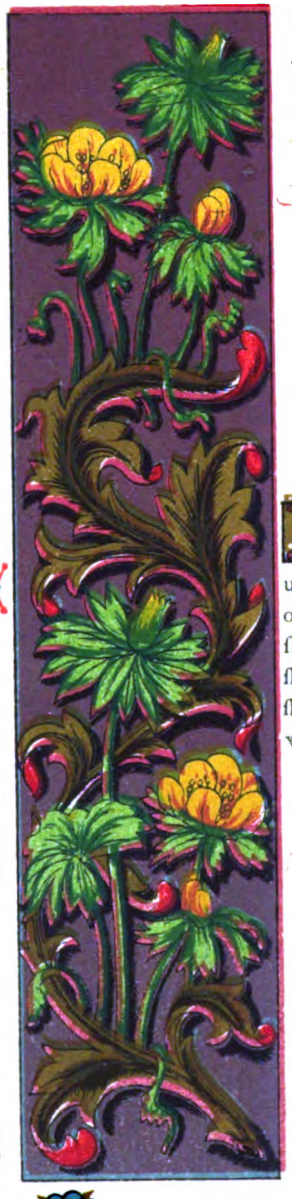
And now why tarriest thou?

The Conversion of St. Paul.
Winter Helebore, or Aconite.



THE winter Aconite,
With buttercup-like flowers,
That ſhut at night;
Its green leaf furling round its cup of gold,
Like tender maiden muffled from the cold.

CLARE.

HAVING, therefore, obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witneſſing both to ſmall and great, ſaying none other things than thoſe which the prophets and Moſes did ſay ſhould come: that Chriſt ſhould ſuffer, and that He ſhould be the firſt that ſhould riſe from the dead, and ſhould ſhow light unto the people, and to the Gentiles.—*Acts*, xxvi. 22, 23.

HE to whom a prophet voice is given,
Stirring men as by a trumpet call
Utter forth the oracles of heaven;
Earth gives back the echoes as they fall.
Rouſe the world's great heart, while yet the day
Breaks life's ſlumber with its bleſſed ray,
For the night cometh.

American Writer, name unknown.

Arise and be baptised,

And wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord. Acts xxii. 16.

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Lord now lettest Thou thy servant depart in

have seen thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before

The Purification.

Snowdrop.

THE Snowdrop, Winter's timid child,
Awakes to life bedew'd with tears
And flings around its fragrance mild;
And where no rival flow'rets bloom
Amid the bare and chilling bloom
A beauteous gem appears.
Where'er I find thee, gentle flower,
Thou ſtill art ſweet and dear to me;
For I have known the cheerleſs hour,
Have ſeen the ſunbeams cold and pale,
Have felt the chilling, wintry gale,
And wept and ſhrunk like thee.

MARY ROBINSON.

WHAT man is he that can know the ſalvation of God? or who can think what the will of the Lord is? For the thoughts of mortal men are miſerable, and our devices are but uncertain. For the corruptible body preſſeth down the ſoul, and the earthly tabernacle weigheth down the mind that muſeth upon many things. And hardly do we gueſs aright at things that are upon earth, and with labour do we find the things that are before us, but the things that are in heaven who hath ſearched out?—*Wiſdom*, ix.

GOD doth not need
Either man's work or His own gifts; who beſt
Bear His mild yoke, they ſerve Him beſt; His ſtate
Is kingly; thouſands at His bidding ſpeed,
And poſt o'er land and ocean without reſt:
They alſo ſerve who only ſtand and wait.—MILTON.

the face of all people. St. Luke ii. xxix.

peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes

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I thank thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight. St. Matt. xi. 25, 26.

St. Matthias' Day.

Ezereon.

EZEREON,
Though leafleſs, well-attired, and thick beſet
With bluſhing wreaths, inveſting every ſpray.
COWPER.

COME unto me; all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you reſt. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye ſhall find reſt unto your ſouls. For my yoke is eaſy, and my burden is light.—*Matt.* xi.

IN the cruel fire of ſorrow
Caſt thy heart; do not faint or wail,
Let thy heart be firm and ſteady;
Do not let thy ſpirit quail,
But wait till the trial is over,
And take thy heart again;
For as gold is tried by fire,
So a heart muſt be tried by pain.
I ſhall know by the gleam and glitter
Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm ſtrength in loving,
Of the fire they have had to bear.
Beat on, true heart, for ever; ſhine bright, ſtrong golden chain,
And bleſs the cleanſing fires, and the furnace of living pain,
MISS PROCTOR.

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Hail thou that art highly favoured, The Lord

The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Flowering Almond.

ALMOND blossoms!
An emblem of the Christian faith and hope to which we cling;
'Neath winter skies on sunless days and leafless trees they blow,
Retreats and highways hallowing as harbingers of spring.
Most beautiful at gloaming, when the deep-toned vesper bell
Daily reminds us that we earth's vanities are cherishing;
When the divine and chanted music in its requiem swell.
Warns penitents that, like the blossoms, we are perishing.

C. A. M. W.

THE greater thou art, the more humble thyself, and thou shalt find favour before the Lord. Many are in high place and of renown: but mysteries are revealed unto the meek. For the power of the Lord is great, and He is honoured of the lowly.—*Ecclus.* iii.

SHE was not proud—"*not proud!*"
Albeit, in her flesh, God sent His Son,
Albeit, over Him her head was bowed
As others bow before Him—still her heart
Bowed lower than her knees. Oh, Centuries!
Say of her as the Heavenly said,—"Thou art
The blessedest of women!"

Mrs. Browning.

And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word. St. Luke i. xxviii.

is with thee: blessed art thou among women!

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Repent ye and be converted

when the times of refreshing shall come.

Easter Monday.

Violet.

VIOLET, ſweet Violet!
Thy little heart that hath with love
Grown coloured like the ſky above,
On which thou look'ſt ever;
Like thee let this ſoul of mine
Take hue from that wherefor I long,
Self-ſtayed and high, ſerene and ſtrong,
Not ſatisfied with hoping, but divine.

Violet, dear Violet!
Thy blue eyes are only wet
With joy and love of Him who ſent thee;
And for the fulfilling ſenſe
Of that glad obedience,
Which made thee all that Nature meant thee.

LOWELL.

OF a truth I perceive that God is no reſpecter of perſons; but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteouſneſs, is accepted with Him.—*Acts*, x. 34.

THERE are briers beſetting every path,
Which call for patient care;
There is a croſs in every lot
And a need for earneſt prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on GOD
Is happy anywhere.—A. L. W.

from the presence of the Lord. Acts iii. ix.

that your sins may be blotted out.

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Death is swallowed up in victory.

Easter Tuesday.

Primrose.

I SAW it in my evening walk,
A little lonely flower;
Under a hollow bank it grew
Deep in a mossy bower.

An oak's gnarled root to roof the cave
With gothic fretwork sprung,
Whence jewelled fern and arum leaves,
And ivy garlands hung.

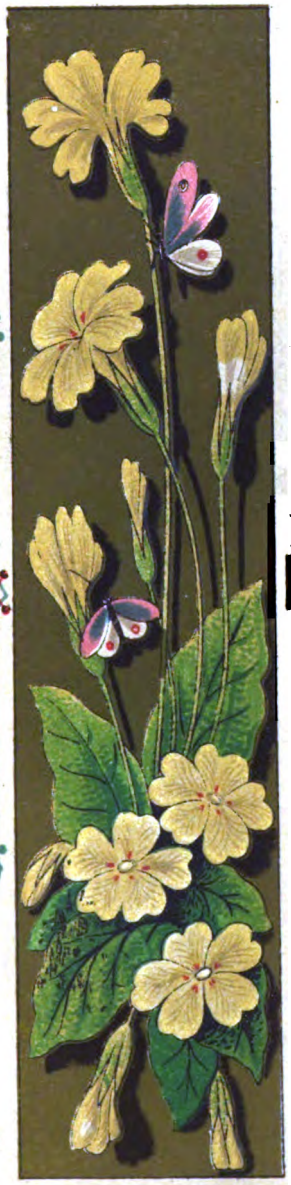
Long time I looked and lingered there,
Absorbed in still delight;
My spirit drank deep quietness
In with that quiet sight.

CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

NOW is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.—1 *Cor.* xv. 20–22.

BY the soft green light in the woody glade,
On the banks of moss where thy childhood played;
By the household tree, through which thine eye
First looked in love to the summer sky;
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the Primrose-tufts in the grass beneath,
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,
Holy and precious—oh! guard it well!
Yes, when thy heart in its pride would stray
From the first pure loves of thy youth away;
When the sullying breath of the world would come
O'er the flowers it brought from its native home,
Think thou again of the woody glade,
Think of the trees at thy father's door,
Of the sound by the rustling ivy made,
And the kindly spell shall have power once more.

MRS. HEMANS.



Where is thy victory. Thanks be to God which giveth us

the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Corinth.

Oh death where is thy sting, oh grave

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As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you.

St. Mark's Day.

Tulipa Præcox.

TULIPS that children love to ſtretch
Their fingers down, to feel in each
Its beauty's ſecret nearer.

MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.

HE gave ſome, apoſtles; and ſome, prophets; and ſome, evangeliſts; and ſome paſtors and teachers; for the perfecting of the ſaints for the work of the miniſtry, for the edifying of the body of Chriſt; till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the meaſure of the ſtature of the fulneſs of Chriſt.—*Eph.* iv. 11–13.

JUDGE not;—the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canſt not ſee;
What looks to thy dim eyes a ſtain,
In God's pure light may only be
A ſcar, brought from ſome well-won field,
Where thou wouldſt only faint and yield.
The fall thou dareſt to deſpiſe,
May be the ſlackened angel's hand
Has ſuffered it, that he may riſe
And take a firmer, ſurer ſtand;
Or, truſting leſs to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to uſe his wings.

MISS PROCTOR.

ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in his love. St. John xv. ix.

continue ye in my love. If ye keep my commandments

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"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation;

St. Philip & St. James's Day.

Hawthorn.

THE Hawthorn, famed 'mid vernal scene
For gracing May's propitious hour
With prodigality of flower,
Pink-anthered 'mid its petals pale,
And lending fragrance to the gale;
Hailed, from its fair and sweet array,
The namesake of the lovely May.

BISHOP MANT.

JESUS findeth Philip, and saith unto him, Follow me. Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found Him, of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph.—*John*, i. 43, 45.

GO on thy way rejoicing. *He* is for thee—
Go—and work out His will on earth, and when
Thine eyes grow dim, and solemn death is o'er thee,
Trust to Him then.

Trust to Him ever! He has been victorious—
Death, thy last struggle He shall overcome—
And then thy soul upspringing, bright and glorious,
Shall seek its home!

Oh, there is comfort in this world of ours—
Joy—while one hope we cherish, 'spite of sorrow,
The hope that speaks of everlasting hours,
A radiant morrow.

MRS. GASCOIGNE.

"For when he is tried, he shall receive the

"Crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him. St. James i. xii.

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Why stand ye gazing up into Heaven?

Ascension Day.

Lily of the Valley.

SO the curious eye
A little monitor presents her page
Of choice instruction; with her snowy bells
The Lily of the Vale. She nor affects
The public walk nor gaze of midday sun;
She to no state or dignity aspires,
But silent and alone puts on her suit
And sheds her lasting perfume, but for which
We had not known there was a thing so sweet
Hid in the gloomy shade. So when the blast
Her sister tribes confounds, and to the earth
Stoops their high heads that vainly were exposed,
She feels it not, but flourishes anew,
Still sheltered and secure. And as the storm
That makes the high elm crouch and rends the oak
The humble Lily spares,—a thousand blows
That shake the lofty monarch on his throne
We lesser folks feel not. *Keen are the pains*
Advancement often brings. To be secure,
Be humble; to be happy, be content.—HURDIS.

HENCEFORTH be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive; but speaking the truth in love, grow up into Him in all things, which is the Head, even Christ.—*Eph.* iv. 14, 15.

WHY words are spoken—Thy great work is done;
Thy trials over, and Thy glory won;
But though in heaven, our Lord will never leave
His children dear; yet He their feet will guide
In way of peace—will journey side by side
In life or death—will comfort when with grief depressed;
If weak will strengthen—weary, grant refreshing rest.
Yea, He will make us strong in His own strength;
Will knit us to Himself, until at length
We one with Him and part of Him shall be,
With Him in heaven, and there shall ever see
Him as He is, for He will send His Spirit down
To fit us, ere we die, to share His crown!"

Old Church Porch.

This same Jesus which is taken up from you into Heaven shall so come in like manner, as ye have seen Him go into Heaven. Acts. i. 11.

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GOD so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son,

Monday in Whitsun-week.

Birch.

WHEN yew is out, the Birch comes in,
And many flowers beſide,
Both of a freſh and fragrant kind,
To honour Whitſuntide.

Green ruſhes then, and ſcented bents,
With cooler oaken boughs,
Come in for comely ornaments
To re-adorn the houſe.

HERRICK.

THE manifeſtation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wiſdom; to another the word of knowledge by the ſame Spirit; to another faith by the ſame Spirit; to another the gift of healing by the ſame Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another diſcerning of ſpirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues: but all theſe worketh that one and the ſelfſame Spirit, dividing to every man ſeverally as He will. —1 *Cor.* xii. 7—11.

IN the hour of my diſtreſs,
When temptations me oppreſs,
And when I my ſins confeſs—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When (God knows) I'm toſſed about
Either with deſpair or doubt,
Yet before the glaſs be out—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was ſealed,
When to Thee I have appealed—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

HERRICK.

have everlasting life; for GOD sent not His Son into the world, to condemn the world,

but that the world through Him might be saved. St. Jude, iii. xvii.

that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but

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Quench not the Spirit. – Despise not

that which is good. Abstain from all appearance of evil. And the very

Tuesday in Whitsun-week.

Lilac.

THE Lilac, various in array, now white,
Now ſanguine, and her beauteous head now ſet
With purple ſpikes pyramidal, as if
Studious of ornament, yet unreſolved
Which hue ſhe moſt approved, ſhe choſe them all.

COWPER.

IN this was manifeſted the love of God towards us, becauſe that God ſent His only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and ſent His Son to be the propitiation of our ſins. Beloved, if God ſo loved us, we ought alſo to love one another.—1 *John*, iv. 9—11.

OUR hearts are faint and weary,
Oh, Spirit of God's love;
Through life's hot ſands and dreary,
Reſt with us from above.
Let flowers ſpring in the thorny ground,
Bring ſhadows when the ſun is high,
And ſunny gleams, when from the ſky,
Chill dews are falling round;
Till our faint hearts and craven
Life's ſtorms have overpaſſed,
And in the diſtant haven
Have found repoſe at laſt,
Oh, reſt with us, and let Thy love
Make us all loving, good, and ſtill;
Turn us to God; keep us from ill,
Oh, life renewing Dove!

Churchman's Companion, No. lviii.

GOD of peace, ſanctify you wholly. 1 Theſs: 5. xix.

prophesyings. Prove all things; hold faſt

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Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants: for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of my Father, I have made known unto you. St. Johnxv.xiv.

St. Barnabas, the Apostle.

Poppy.

AND thou! by pain and sorrow bleſt,
Papaver! that an opiate dew
Conceal'ſt beneath thy ſcarlet veſt,
Contraſting with the cornflower blue;
Thy gauzy leaves
Bend in the ruſtling gale amid the tawny ſheaves.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

JOSES, who by the apoſtles was ſurnamed Barnabas (which is, being interpreted, the Son of Conſolation), a Levite.—*Acts*, iv. 36. He exhorted them all, that with purpoſe of heart they would cleave unto the Lord. For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghoſt and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord.—*Acts*, xi. 23, 24. Confirming the ſouls of the diſciples, and exhorting them to continue in the faith, and that we muſt through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of the Lord.—*Acts*, xiv. 22.

THIS a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreſhment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a thrill of pleaſure to the frame
More exquiſite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happieſt hours.
It is a little thing to ſpeak a phraſe
Of common comfort, which by daily uſe
Has almoſt loſt its ſenſe; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 't will fall
Like choiceſt muſic; fill the glazing eye
With welcome tears; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowſhip again,
And ſhed on the departing ſoul a ſenſe
More precious than the beniſon of friends
About the honoured death-bed of the rich;
To him who elſe were lonely, that another
Of the ſame human mould is near and feels.

TALFOURD.

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Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.

St. John Baptist's Day.

Hypericum—St. John's-wort.

HYPERICUM all bloom, so thick a swarm
Of flowers, like flies, clothing her slender rods,
That scarce a leaf appears.

COWPER.

THIS is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight. Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him. But John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me? And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness.—*Matt.* iii. 3, 13–15.

BECAUSE the world might not pretend
It knew not of Thy coming day,
Thou didst, O Christ, before Thee send
A crier to prepare Thy way.
Thy kingdom was the bliss he brought,
Repentance was the way he taught;
And that his voice might not alone
Inform us what we should believe,
His life declared what must be done
If Thee we purpose to receive.
Thus from the crier let us learn
For Thee, sweet Jesus, to prepare,
And others of their sins to warn,
However for the same we fare:
So Thou to us, and we to Thee,
Shalt, when Thou comest, welcome be.

WITHERS, 1628.

accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins. Isaiah xl. i.

Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, that her warfare is

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he denied him, and immediately while he yet spake, the cock

St. Peter's Day.
Mallow.

HARDY and high above the ſlender ſheaf
The ſhining Mallow waves her ſilky leaf.

CRABBE.

WOULD you deign (as who that wooes
Boon Nature's favours would refuſe)
The duſty pathway ſide to try,
Or rubbiſh heap?—the plant that breaks,
Its paler red with darker ſtreaks,
The Mallow, ſhall repay your pains.

BISHOP MANT.

JESUS aſketh His diſciples, Whom ſay ye that I am? And Simon Peter anſwered and ſaid, Thou art the Chriſt, the Son of the living God. And Jeſus anſwered and ſaid unto him, Bleſſed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for fleſh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I ſay unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell ſhall not prevail againſt it.—*Matt.* xvi. 15–18.

FATHER of heaven! guide, oh, guide
My devious ſteps, that they no more rove wide!
Shed the ſweet luſtre of Thy holy grace
On my dark heart, and ope before my face
The one bleſt road I whilom left in pride.
Oh, grant, as winged with ſwift celeſtial plumes,
I may bound back to Thy ſalvation's way!
There feed me, Lord; there ſhelter Thou my head.

TASSO: *tranſlated by the Rev. R. Milman.*

remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said unto him, Before the cock crow

thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out and wept bitterly. St. Luke xxii. lxii.

crew. And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter: and Peter

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Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister, and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant, even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. St. Matt. xx. 26, 27, 28.

St. James the Apostle.

Clove Pink.

THE perfumed Pink, that ſtuds
The earth with cluſtering ruby.

CROLY.

GORGEOUS flowerets in the ſunlight ſhining;
Bloſſoms flaunting in the eye of day;
(Tapering) leaves, with ſoft and ſilver lining;
Buds that open only to decay.

LONGFELLOW.

BLESSED is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he ſhall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promiſed to them that love Him.—*Jam.* i. 12.

FATHER my way is dark and wild,
Take pity on Thy wandering child;
And lead me as Thy Spirit led
Thoſe numbered with the holy dead.

Calmly they walked their vale of tears
Untroubled by its phantom fears;
Children beneath a Father's care,
They only felt that Thou wert there.

O guide me, as Thy Spirit gave
His guidance over land and wave,
To thoſe who ſaw Thy goſpel ſpread,
And made Thy word their daily bread.

Or if Thy child in ſilence goes
With thoſe whoſe trial no man knows,
Still, Father, leave me not alone,
Until my pilgrimage be done.

DR. HINDS.

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I can not to be strong in the Lord that

St. Bartholomew the Apostle.

Sunflower.

EAGLE of flowers! I see thee stand,
And on the sun's noon glory gaze:
With eye like his, thy lids expand
And fringe their disk with golden rays.
Though fix'd on earth, in darkness rooted there,
Light is thine element, thy dwelling air,
Thy prospect, heaven.
So would my eagle-soul descry,
Beyond the path where planets run,
The light of immortality,
The splendour of creation's sun:
Though sprung from earth, and hast'ning to the tomb,
In hope a flower of Paradise to bloom,
I look to heaven.—J. Montgomery.

YE are they which have continued with me in my temptations. And I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me; that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel.—*Luke*, xxii. 28–30.

FIGHT onwards to the breach, brave heart!
Where victory o'er life is won;
To mourn is but the coward's part,
Thou hast the warrior's now begun:
Pour out thy last, best, ruddiest drop,
But till thy wild pulsations stop
Fight on, brave heart! fight on!

The knight of old fought Christ's dear grave,
When joy from earthly home had gone;
For this he dared the wintry wave,
And roam'd o'er burning waste alone;
Make thou a wiser pilgrimage
To thine own grave: in youth or age
Fight on, brave heart! fight on!

A. B. Richards.

The Almighty is God alone, and beside Him there is no other Saviour. He filleth all things with His wisdom. Eccles. xiii.

He may confirm you, cleave unto Him, for

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They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. But go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice: for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. St. Matt. ix. xii. 2 Cor.

St. Matthew the Apostle.

Dahlia.

PAST thou seen in garden old
What was once the Dahlia call'd?
Gay, indeed, with red and gold,
But for beauty ne'er extoll'd.
Now this self-same flower is seen
Well-nigh noblest of her race,
Gorgeous as an eastern queen,
Moulded yet with chasten'd grace.
Nurture, then, with pious zeal,
What a gracious God has given,
That your growing hearts may feel
They are vow'd to Christ and Heaven.
Thus by discipline's kind aid,
In all holy beauty dight,
Shall each day advance be made
To perfection's dazzling height

Rev. G. H. Smyttan.

WE preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake. For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.—2 *Cor.* iv. 5, 6.

HE who for Christ hath left behind
Or house, or lands, or wife,
A hundredfold e'en here shall find,
And everlasting life.

The gold on Levi's table shone
As Jesus passed that way,
But, called to follow Christ alone,
He left it where it lay.

Thus for his Lord he suffered shame,
And shamed a faithless age,
Else who to-day had named his name.
Or read his golden page?

Else how, with all thy saints enrolled,
Should he in glory stand,
And wear the martyr's crown of gold,
At Jesus Christ's right hand?

Rev. A. C. Cox.

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Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints,

ungodly among them, of all their ungodly deeds, which they have ungodly committed,

& of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him. Jude xiv

Saint Michael and all Angels.

Michaelmas Daisy.

THE Michaelmas Daiſie among dede weeds,
Blooms for St. Michael's valorous deedes,
And ſeems the laſt of flowers that ſtood
Till the feſte of St. Simon and St. Jude.

Old Kalandar of Engliſh Flowers.

THERE was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought againſt the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. . . . And I heard a loud voice ſaying in heaven, Now is come ſalvation, and ſtrength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of His Chriſt: for the accuſer of our brethren is caſt down, which accuſed them before our God day and night. And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their teſtimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death. Therefore rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them.—*Rev.* xii. 7—12.

OH, wherefore, mourning o'er the lot
Of our groaning brethren here,
Do we from angels borrow not
More faith in God's future near?

Did we but liſt with truthful love
To the world's wide-echoed moans,
Sweet prophecies ſhould from above
Float down through the jarring tones.

And if, 'neath long-impending cloud
Of Egyptian darkneſs ſpread,
'Mid harſh, diſcordant wailings loud,
Over all hope's firſt-born dead,

Weak doubts our coward hearts would ſeize,
Needs but in memory keep,
Whoſe Hand Almighty doth the keys
Of the great World-Organ ſweep!

MISS HUME.

To execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are

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The harvest truly is great, but the

Therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth

labourers are few: pray ye

labourers into His harvest. St. Luke x. ii.

St. Luke the Evangelist's Day.

Golden Rod - Solidago Virgaurea.

THE melancholy days are come, the ſaddeſt of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and ſere.
Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately ſprang and ſtood
In brighter light and ſofter air, a beauteous ſiſterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves: the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The wind-flower and the violet they periſhed long ago,
And the brier-roſe and the orchis died amid the ſummer glow;
But on the hill the Golden Rod, in the thicket in the wood,
With its crowded cluſters of bright flowers, in autumn beauty ſtood.

BRYANT.

I CALLED upon the Lord, the Father of my Lord, that He would not leave me in the days of my trouble, and in the time of the proud, when there was no help. I will praiſe Thy name continually, and will ſing praiſes with thankſgiving; and ſo my prayer was heard, for Thou ſavedſt me from deſtruction, and deliveredſt me from the evil time: therefore will I give thanks and praiſe Thee, and bleſs Thy name, O Lord!—*Eccleſiaſticus*, li.

NOT with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature: purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought;
And ſanctifying by ſuch diſcipline
Both pain and fear, until we recogniſe
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

WORDSWORTH.

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Mercy unto you, and peace.

St. Simon & St. Jude Apostles.

Chrysanthemum.

THE withered leaves bestrew the garden path,
Made miry with the fall of fleeting showers;
The sun emits a feeble ray, which hath
No power to warm or cheer the gloomy hours;
The robin only sings among the bowers,
Now bare and desolate, his simple lay;
All other birds are mute and sad, or they
Have flitted with the spring and summer flowers:
Yet are the borders not entirely bare,
For bright Chrysanthemums nod here and there
Their heads, to chilling blast and pelting rain.

H. G. Adams.

DOMINION and fear are with Him, He maketh peace in His high places. Is there any number of His armies? and upon whom doth not His light arise? How then can man be justified with God? or how can he be clean that is born of a woman? Behold even to the moon, and it shineth not; yea, the stars are not pure in His sight. How much less man, that is a worm? and the son of man, which is a worm?—*Job*, xxv. 2–6.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosom take!
What parchèd grounds refresh us with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower!
We rise, and all—the distant and the near—
Stands forth, in sunny outline, brave and clear.
We kneel; how weak! We rise; how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong—
That we are ever overborne with care—
That we should ever weak or heartless be—
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with Thee?

Trench.

Earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the Saints. St. Jude i. ii & iii.

and love be multiplied.

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I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude.

All Saints Day.

Amaranth or Everlasting Flower.

IN ſolemn adoration, down they caſt
Their crowns, inwove with amaranth and gold—
Immortal Amaranth, a flower which once
In Paradiſe, faſt by the Tree of Life,
Began to bloom. MILTON.

WHEREFORE ſeeing we alſo are compaſſed with ſo great a cloud of witneſſes, let us lay aſide every weight, and the ſin which doth ſo eaſily beſet us, and let us run with patience the race that is ſet before us, looking unto Jeſus the author and finiſher of our faith; who for the joy that was ſet before Him endured the croſs, deſpiſing the ſhame, and is ſet down at the right hand of the throne of God. For conſider Him that endured ſuch contradiction of ſinners againſt Himſelf, leſt ye be wearied and faint in your minds.—*Heb.* xii. 1–3.

WHEN firm the narrow path you tread,
Nor ſcorn, nor grief, nor dangers dread;
Then think, ye brave, ye conſtant few,
To faith, to hope, to virtue true;
Then think that ſeraphs from above
Behold your deeds, admire and love:
That thoſe who heaven's commands perform,
Who ſtill the wave, who ride the ſtorm—
Oh, think that thoſe your toil ſurvey,
Your ſtruggling mind, your rugged way.
Oh, think that thoſe e'en now prepare
A bow'r of bliſs for you to ſhare;
E'en now the immortal wreath entwine,
Around your ſainted brow to ſhine;
E'en now their golden harps attune
To greet you in the blaze of noon.
Hail, ſiſter, hail! thy taſk is done;
Riſe, cherub, riſe! thy palm is won!

MRS. HEMANS.

mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia! for the Lord GOD omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to him. Rev. xix. vi.

and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of

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To beautify the earth. To comfort man, to whisper hope, Whene'er his faith is dim, For who so careth for the flowers Will much more care for Him.
Our Father! how
To minister delight to man,
Then wherefore had they birth?
our wayward life requires Thy care!

A FLOWER is the best-complexioned grass, as a pearl is the best-complexioned clay; and daily it weareth God's livery. In the morning, when it groweth up, it is a lecture of Divine Providence; in the evening, when it is cut down and withered, of human mortality.—FULLER.

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